

CROWN

NO.
9

COMICS

10¢
P. D. C.

MAY 1947



STEELE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Minnie Soo

and LITTLE WAHA

Heim
dahl



SEE
THIS
LITTLE
NOOSE? →
IT DOES
SOME FUNNY

TRICKS IN THE NEXT

ISSUE OF "CROWN"! WATCH FOR IT!

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NOBLE
STEEL

BRYAN O'FLYNN



... INTRODUCING BRYAN O'FLYNN...
AMERICAN EXPLORER ADVENTURER
AND ARCHEOLOGIST...
LONG FAMED IN ARCHEOLOGICAL CIRCLES
FOR HIS EXCAVATIONS IN
EGYPT...



... BRYAN IS ALSO NOTED AS AN
INTREPID BIG GAME HUNTER
AND EXPLORER.

.. AT HOME HE IS STILL JUST HER GREAT BIG BOY" TO HIS WIDOWED MOTHER. THE "BEST GUY IN THE WORLD" TO HIS YOUNG BROTHER PIP... SHORT FOR "PIP SQUEAK"...

HERE
BIG SHOT,
SPECIAL
DELIVERY!

THANKS
PIP-
SQUEAK!



THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM
WANTS ME TO CONTACT
THEM...!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE
CURATOR OF THE
MUSEUM...

IT'S
SETTLED.

THEN, YOU'LL FLY DIRECTLY
TO YUCATAN AND BEGIN
EXCAVATIONS.

... AND
DIG UP ALL I
CAN ON ANCIENT
MAYAN CULTURE.
GOODBYE, SIR.



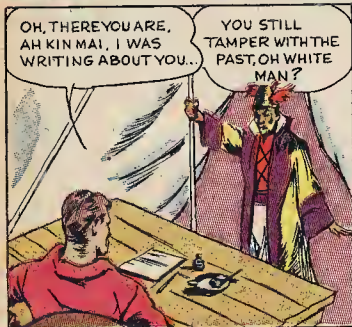
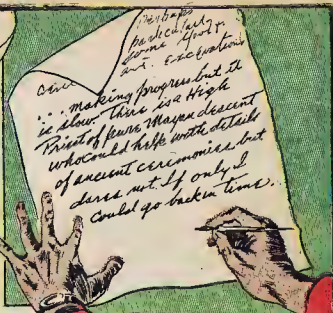
GOODBYE
MOTHER. DON'T
WORRY. TAKE CARE
OF MOM, PIP.

TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF...

BRING ME
BACK A SKULL,
BIG SHOT!



WE FIND BRYAN IN CHICHEN ITZA, ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF YUCATAN.

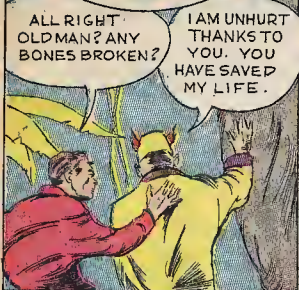


OOOOH HELP
WHITE MAN
OR I PERISH!



ALL RIGHT
OLD MAN? ANY
BONES BROKEN?

I AM UNHURT
THANKS TO
YOU. YOU
HAVE SAVED
MY LIFE.



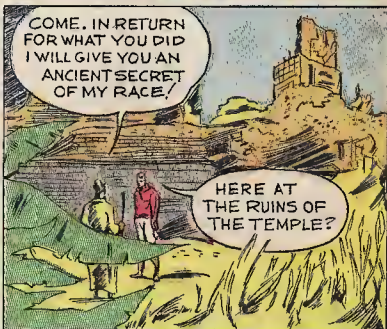
THERE...
CAN YOU
ROLL FREE?

YES...
I CAN MOVE
NOW.



COME. IN RETURN
FOR WHAT YOU DID
I WILL GIVE YOU AN
ANCIENT SECRET
OF MY RACE.

HERE AT
THE RUINS OF
THE TEMPLE?



I HAVE HERE
A POWERFUL AND
TERRIBLE DRUG. IT
TRANSPORTS ITS
USER BACK
THROUGH TIME.

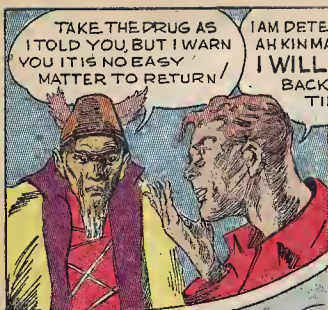
WHAT? THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



NAUGHT IS IMPOSSIBLE
TO THE ANCIENT GODS.
BUT IT IS DANGEROUS.

DANGER BE
HANGED! TELL ME
HOW TO USE IT!





I AM DETERMINED
AH KINMAI!
I WILL GO
BACK IN
TIME!

IT IS THE YEAR 1230.
BRYAN O'FLYNN HAS
CONQUERED TIME ITSELF,
AND IS SEEING WITH HIS
OWN EYES THE LIFE
OF AN EXTINCT
CIVILIZATION!



WHAT GOES ON
HERE? OH...A
SACRIFICE TO THE
GODS! HOW
HORRIBLE!

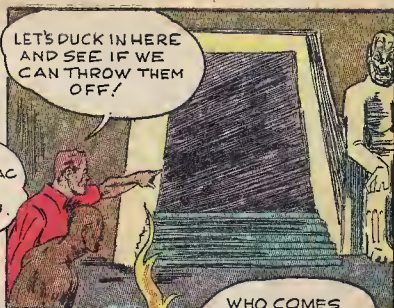
COME!
FOLLOW ME!
I'LL SAVE
YOU!



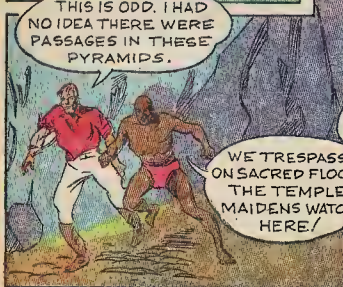


COME ALONG!
WE'LL HAVE TO
FIND A PLACE
TO HIDE!

MY LIFE IS
YOURS. HUNAC
HUMBLY
THANKS YOU.



LET'S DUCK IN HERE
AND SEE IF WE
CAN THROW THEM
OFF!



THIS IS ODD. I HAD
NO IDEA THERE WERE
PASSAGES IN THESE
PYRAMIDS.

WE TRESPASS
ON SACRED FLOORS
THE TEMPLE
MAIDENS WATCH
HERE!



WHO COMES
IN TO THE
SACRED
WALLS?

WHO ARE
YOU,
MAIDEN?



I AM MOLA, WATCHER
OF THE TEMPLE.
WHAT MEANS THIS
INTRUSION?

WE FLEE
THE VENGEANCE
OF THE POPULACE.
SAVE US!



YOUR DRESS...
YOUR SPEECH...
YOUR SKIN...
ARE YOU A GOD?

I AM FROM
FUTURE
AGES!
SAVE US.
I COMMAND
YOU!



FOLLOW ME, OH
GOD OF THE
WHITE SKIN, AND
YOU, OH SLAVE!

IT WORKED!
COME ALONG,
HUNAC,
OLD BOY!



I WILL TAKE YOU BY
THE SECRET WAY TO
THE INTERIOR OF
THE TEMPLE.

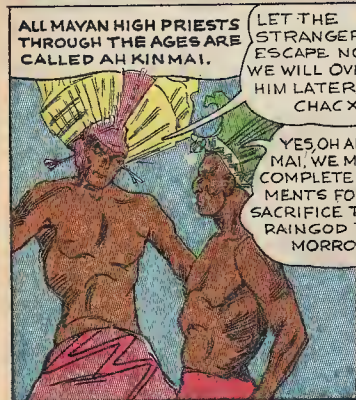


THERE! IN THE
INTERIOR OF THE ALTAR
ITSELF, IS A FIT
HIDING PLACE
FOR YOU!



THANK YOU
MOLÁ!

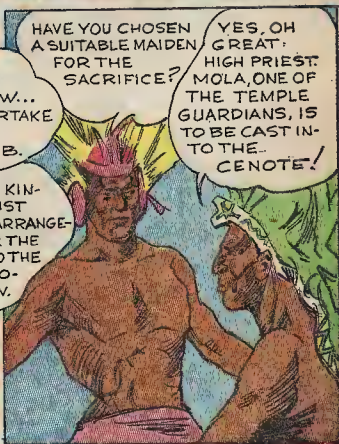
I GO... BUT I WILL
RETURN WHEN IT IS
SAFE. THE PRIESTS MEET
NOW. BE SILENT.



ALL MAYAN HIGH PRIESTS
THROUGH THE AGES ARE
CALLED AH KINMAI.

LET THE
STRANGER
ESCAPE NOW...
WE WILL OVERTAKE
HIM LATER,
CHAC XIB.

YES, OH AH KIN-
MAI, WE MUST
COMPLETE ARRANGE-
MENTS FOR THE
SACRIFICE TO THE
RAINGOD TO-
MORROW.



HAVE YOU CHOSEN
A SUITABLE MAIDEN
FOR THE
SACRIFICE?

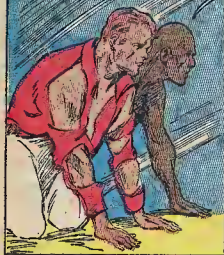
YES, OH
GREAT
HIGH PRIEST.
MOLÁ, ONE OF
THE TEMPLE
GUARDIANS, IS
TO BE CAST IN-
TO THE
CENOTE!

MOLA IS TO BE
SACRIFICED HUNAC
WE MUST SAVE HER!

THAT WILL NOT
BE EASY OH
MASTER.

WE MUST PLAN
CAREFULLY. I KNOW
A LITTLE OF THIS
CEREMONY, IT
TAKES PLACE AT
THE CENOTE
OR POOL,
AND...

NEXT DAY: THE
CENOTE POOL IS
A SCENE OF
SPLENDOR AS
THE CEREMON-
IES TO THE
RAIN GOD
COMMENCE!



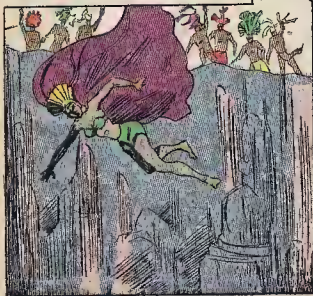
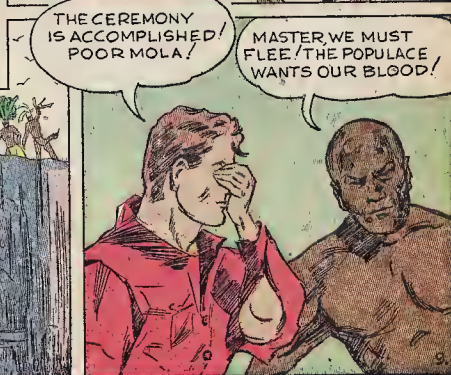
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT
SPECTACLE! THERE'S
THE RULER, KUK-
ULCAN! TO THINK
THAT I AM SEEING
HIM!

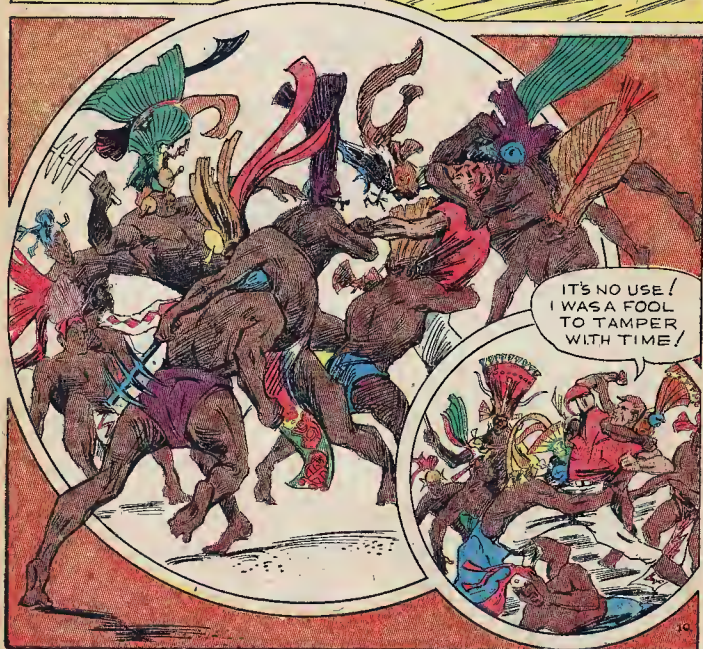
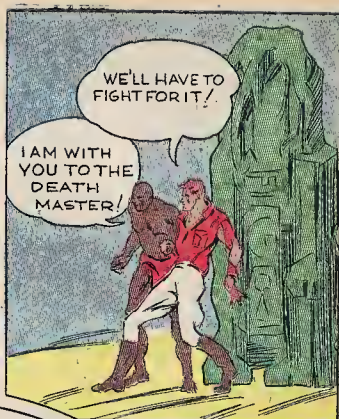


THERE'S MOLA!
WE MUST MOVE
QUICKLY, HUNAC!
NOW!



MOLA! WE'LL
SAVE YOU!







WHERE ARE
THEY TAKING
US?



THE TEMPLE!

THIS... IS...
WHERE THEY
JUDGE... THE
PRISONERS...



OH ROYAL
KUKULCAN, HERE
ARE THE
DEFILERS!



YOU SHALL DIE
OH DOGS, AT ONCE,
IN THIS SPOT!



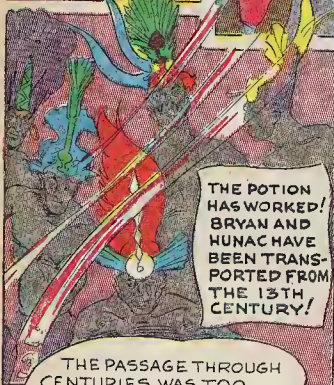
THE DRUG!
I FORGOT! THERE'S
A CHANCE FOR
US!

HUNAC, I HAVE HERE:
A POTENT DRUG. IF
YOU ARE NOT AFRAID
I WILL TRY TO TRANSPORT
YOU WITH ME THROUGH
TIME.

TAKE ME
WITH YOU!

IT MAY NOT WORK.
BUT WE'LL TRY.
SWALLOW SOME
AS I DO

IT'S A
DANGEROUS
TRIP THROUGH
TIME!
GOOD LUCK
HUNAC!



THE POTION
HAS WORKED!
BRYAN AND
HUNAC HAVE
BEEN TRANSPORTED
FROM
THE 13TH
CENTURY!



IT WORKED!
HUNAC, WE'RE BACK
IN THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY. HUNAC!
WHAT...

THE PASSAGE THROUGH
CENTURIES WAS TOO
MUCH FOR HIS 'PRIMITIVE'
SPIRIT... POOR HUNAC!

DID I NOT
WARN YOU OF THE
DANGERS OF TAMP-
ERING WITH THE
PAST?



Buckskin

by
BOLLE-STARR



HAVING KILLED SOME GAME,
BARTHOLEMEW STEWART SLINGS
THE DEAD ANIMAL OVER HIS
SHOULDER AND STARTS HOME...

BUT AS HE COMES
WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS CABIN...

THE HOUSE IS
ON FIRE--
INDIANS!!



THROWING DOWN HIS GAME, HE RACES DOWNHILL--



BUT BARRING HIS PATH--

A BEAR!!



YANKING A SHRUB OUT BY THE ROOTS HE THROWS IT IN THE BEAR'S FACE ...

I HAVEN'T TIME TO FIGHT HIM: I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO DISTRACT HIM.



BART TRIES TO RUN PAST THE BEAST BUT ...



THE BEAR CHARGES ...



IF I KEEP MY HEAD UNDER HIS JAW HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO USE HIS TEETH ---



AGAIN AND AGAIN BART'S KNIFE FLASHES IN THE SUNLIGHT --

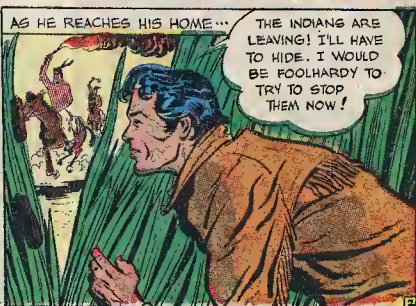


HE'S DEAD! BUT I CANNOT STOP TO REST!

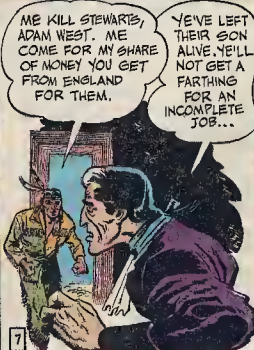
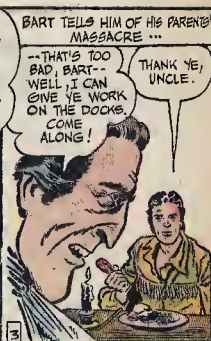


AS HE REACHES HIS HOME ...

THE INDIANS ARE LEAVING! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE. I WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO TRY TO STOP THEM NOW!

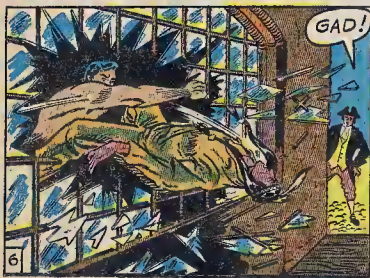


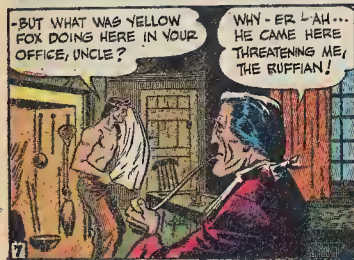
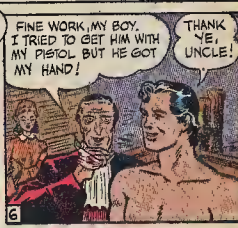
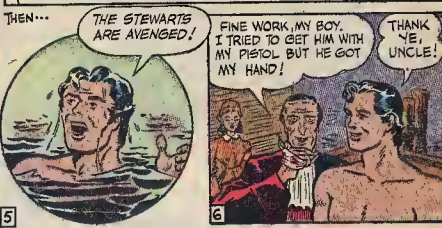
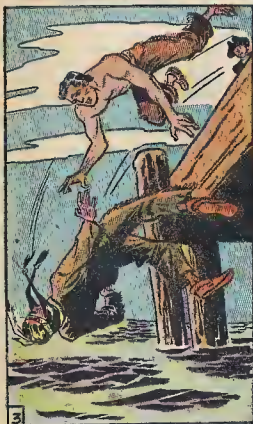
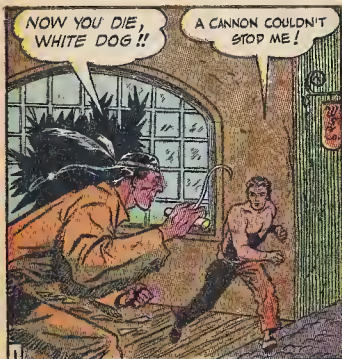






YELLOW FOX THROWS HIS KNIFE BUT BART DUCKS AND THE KNIFE HITS HIS UNCLE INSTEAD!





FOLLOW
BART STEWART
IN ANOTHER EX-
CITING 'Buckskin'
STORY IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
CROWN COMICS



Master Marvin



WHENEVER MASTER MARVIN GOES, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN! EVEN THOUGH OUR HERO EXPECTS A VACATION FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT YAWNS, HE SOON FINDS LIFE IN A SWANK SUMMER CAMP MORE EXPLOSIVE THAN A KEG OF TNT.

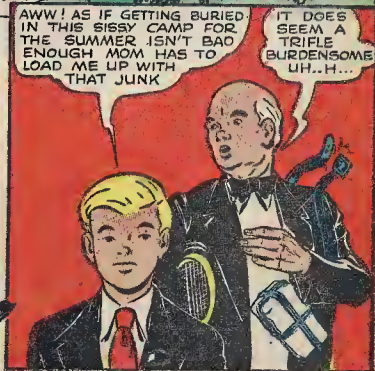
ASPIRIN, LONG UNDERWEAR, COUGH SYRUP, YOUR RUBBERS... I SAY MAWSTER MARVIN, I DO HOPE I PACKED EVERYTHING YOUR MOTHER ORDERED FOR CAMP.

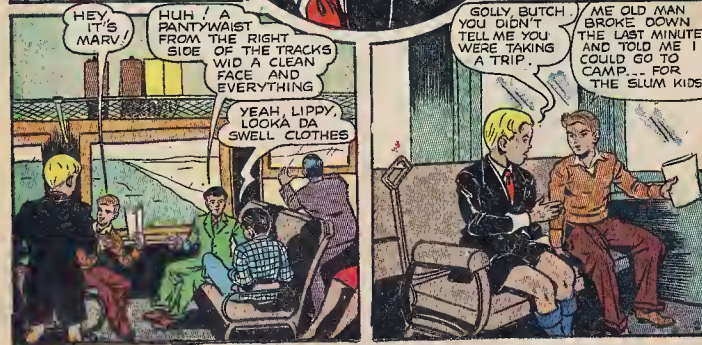
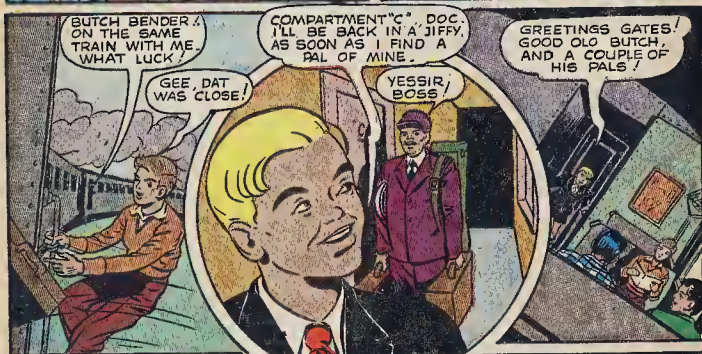
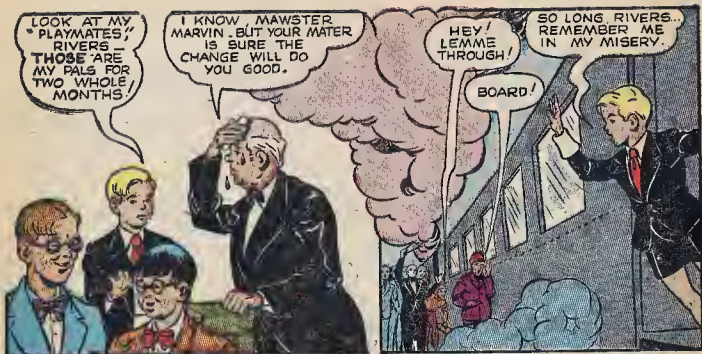
TO TRAINS

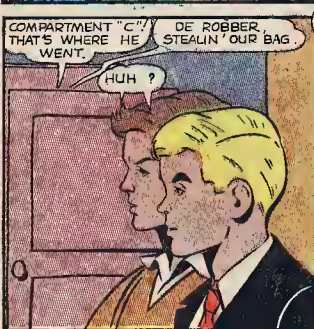
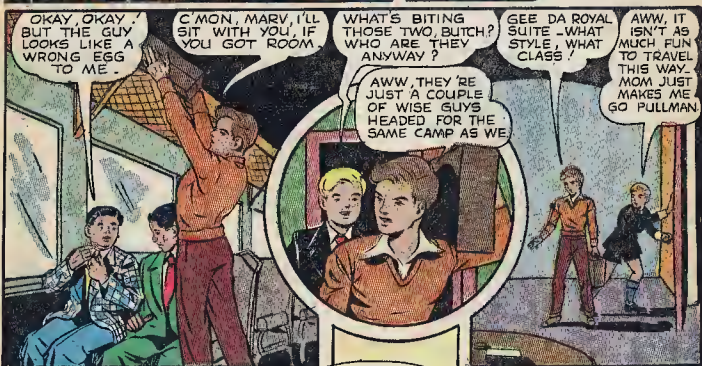
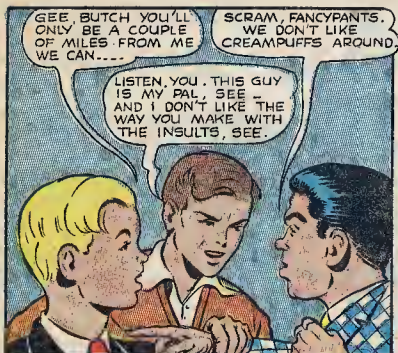


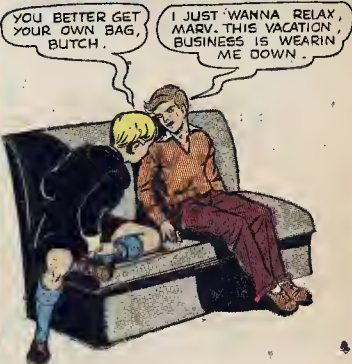
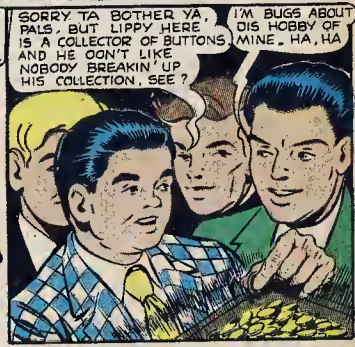
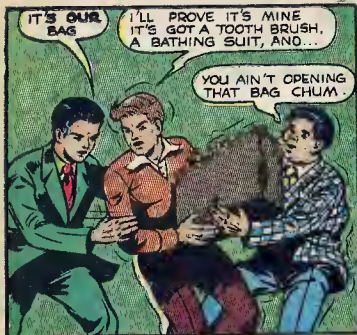
AWW! AS IF GETTING BURIED IN THIS SISSY CAMP FOR THE SUMMER ISN'T BAD ENOUGH MOM HAS TO LOAD ME UP WITH THAT JUNK

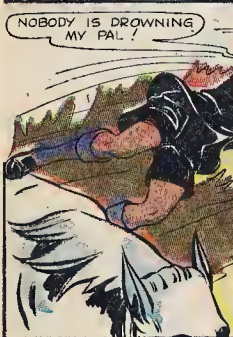
IT DOES SEEM A TRIFLE BURDENSOME UH..H...

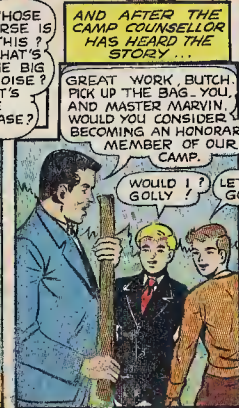
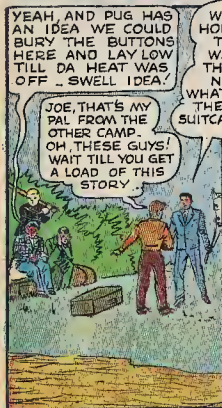
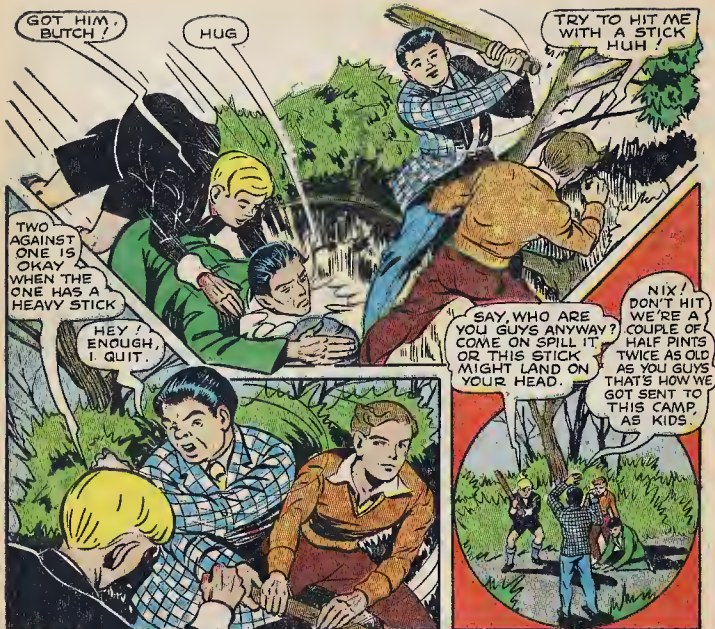












A Mystery of the Sea

SOME sixty-odd years ago the vessel "Queen Helen" sailed from Boston en route to a port in the Dutch East Indies. From that day to this not a trace has been found of ship or crew. One of the many unexplained mysteries of the sea.

Captain Mitchell of the "Queen Helen" was a man possessed of a wild, uncontrollable temper. Perhaps no captain on the sea was so thoroughly hated and so completely feared by the crew of his ship. By the crews of all ships, for that matter. His First Mate, John Lewis, was an exact opposite. Men looked upon him as an elder brother, to whom they could take their troubles. Lewis could be depended upon to come to their defense. Even against the terrible Captain Mitchell.

As for the Second Mate—the less said the better. It was whispered that he had been an inmate of an asylum for the criminally insane. His name was Stanley Mears.

The "Queen Helen" left Boston on a hot July evening. Captain and mates included, the crew numbered thirty. These men were among the wildest and toughest on the world's far distant water-fronts.

EIGHT days out and the seas were as calm and as still as a sheet of glass. Captain Mitchell was in his cabin, making an entry in the ship's log. There came a knock on his door.

"Come in."

His voice boomed as harsh as a cannon. The door opened and Second Mate Stanley Mears entered. He carried his cap in his hand, as all men did who entered the Captain's cabin.

"A few minutes of your time, Captain?" he asked meekly.

Mitchell did not look up from his desk. "Sit down, Mr. Mears," he ordered. "But make it short."

The Second Mate selected a chair to the right of the Captain's desk.

"I'll come to the point," he said. "Like you, Captain, I'm a very direct man."

Mitchell continued to write. "Are you, Mr. Mears?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Mears, "and I feel it my duty to report that someone has made a most amazing discovery on board."

"What—for instance?"

Mears inched his chair closer to the desk. "Those boxes that mysteriously stayed on board while we were in Boston," he continued. "The ones labeled 'Hemp'—but which always seemed too heavy for hemp."

Mitchell stopped writing. He looked at the Mate. "Have you been prowling among things that do not concern you?" he asked. "If so—you know what the penalty is aboard this ship."

"No—no, Captain."

Mears was quick to come to his own defense. He wanted no part of the Captain's special "penalty."

"I was inspecting the hold," he said, "just before we sailed. Someone ripped out a corner of one of those boxes and discovered its real contents."

"And what are the real contents?" asked Mitchell.

"Ivory," was the answer.

"Ivory, Mr. Mears?"

"Contraband ivory," answered the Mate. "With my own eyes I saw it. And so did somebody else."

THE Captain turned in his chair slowly. His eyes seemed to burn right into the face of his Second Mate. For several seconds neither man spoke. Finally Mitchell picked his pipe up from his desk and started to load it with tobacco. Mears watched him closely. He expected an outburst any minute. But the outburst did not come. The Captain lighted his pipe and turned back to face the man everyone was sure was partly mad.

"Mr. Mears," he said slowly, "what you have seen could very well cost you your life. Before this only I knew what was in those boxes. Now I share this secret with you and one other person. This person is unknown, you say?"

Mears nodded. "It could have happened any time during the two weeks we were in port," he said. "Somebody used a hatchet on the corner of one of those boxes. I'm sure it's one of the crew. There are twenty-eight men to choose from."

Mitchell's face was red with anger. He puffed on his pipe furiously.

"Order the men on deck," he roared, "and we'll see who prowls this ship by night."

Mears grinned and quickly left to carry out

the order. Within a matter of minutes the crew was assembled on the deck. Captain Mitchell faced them.

"During the time we were in port," he announced, "someone among you went in the hold against my orders. This person chopped a hole in the corner of one of the boxes labeled 'Hemp.' I'm going to find him if I have to beat the brains out of every mother's son of you."

* * * * *

HIS BLAZING eyes went from one face to another. They finally rested on a seaman named Flynn. The Captain motioned him forward.

"Is that sweat on your face from the sun, Flynn," he asked, "or a guilty conscience?"

"I don't know what you mean, Captain," the nervous seaman replied.

"Oh, don't you?"

Mitchell's huge fist crashed against Flynn's mouth. Spitting blood and teeth, the dazed seaman pitched onto the deck. First Mate Lewis started to help him to his feet.

"Let him be, Mr. Lewis," Mitchell ordered.

Lewis looked at his captain. His face was white and drawn, as though the blood had left it. He stepped a few paces in front of the crew. "Captain," he said, "the man you want may not even be aboard. When we were in Boston many strangers prowled along the decks. Maybe some of them got below."

"When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it," Mitchell bellowed. "Only a crew member would have any reason to prow around the hold of this ship. And I want to know who that man is."

Again his piercing eyes searched the faces of his crew.

"Pierson, come up here."

A husky seaman ambled forward. He looked at Mitchell and his eyes did not waver. This infuriated the Captain even more. He enjoyed watching his men tremble before him. But Pierson was a new member, making his first voyage on the "Queen Helen." One look at him and you knew the man feared nothing, not even the brutal Captain Mitchell.

"The answer is no, sir," he said politely. "I did not go into the hold while we were docked."

Mitchell dashed his pipe to the deck.

"Speak when you're spoken to," he roared. "Discipline is the password on this ship. And here's the way I enforce it."

* * * * *

A GAIN that iron fist lashed out. It smashed against Pierson's jaw. He crashed to the deck, but, to every man's amazement, he

rolled over once and came up on one knee. Blood was trickling from the side of his mouth.

"Mitchell," he growled, "this is your last trip." With that he rushed at the Captain. Mitchell swung but missed. He had been taken completely by surprise. Pierson hammered a blow to Mitchell's jaw that spun him on his heels. At this point Second Mate Mears tried to come to his Captain's assistance. He drew a dirk from his sleeve and rushed at Pierson. The seaman ducked, picked Mears up as he would a child and flung him over the rail into the sea. A shot crashed out and Pierson fell to the deck. Mitchell had recovered his balance and brought his revolver into play. This touched off a general, though unplanned, mutiny. First Mate Lewis tried his best to prevent any more bloodshed. It was useless. The pent-up hatred of these men, who were treated no better than wild beasts, burst like the waters of a great dam. They were like men gone mad. They fought among themselves, and in the confusion Captain Mitchell managed to battle his way below. He entered his cabin and shut the door behind him. As he was entering something in the ship's log, Mate Lewis burst into the cabin. His face was torn and bleeding. Otherwise he appeared unharmed.

"Get out of here," roared Mitchell, "and try to get them under control."

"Too late," Lewis replied. "There won't be a man alive soon, and your stinking ship is on fire."

"WHAT?"

Lewis laughed. "Yes," he said, "we'll burn right to the water's edge."

* * * * *

MITCHELL tried to rush from the cabin. A mighty smash on the side of the face sent him crashing into the wall. He rushed at Lewis and they grappled like a pair of jungle cats. They tore the cabin to pieces in their wild fight, while the "Queen Helen" blazed like a torch, on her way to her grave and eternal mystery.

Mitchell and Lewis fought until both were too weak to continue. Then collapsed together. Side by side, the hated Captain and his popular First Mate were carried beneath the waters of the Great Atlantic. Not even a timber reached the surface.

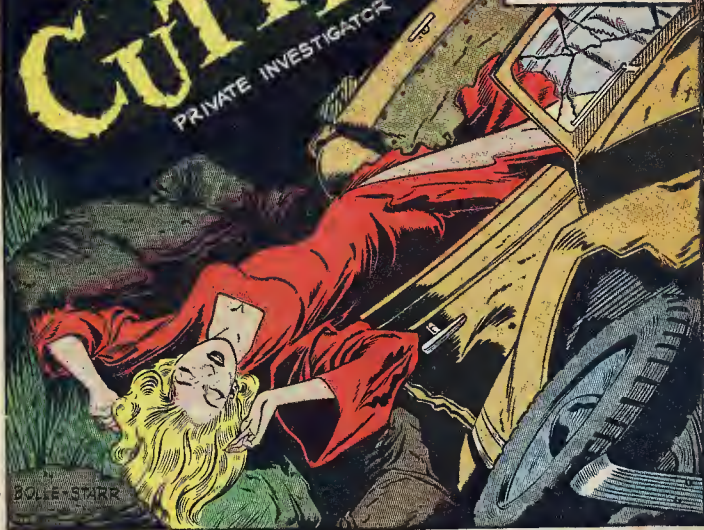
All because a little hoy with a hatchet discovered ivory in a box labeled "Hemp" we have this mystery of the sea, hidden beneath eternal time and the grey, green ocean waters.

THE END

VIC CUTTER

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

I HAD OPENED MY OFFICE SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE. BUSINESS WASN'T TOO GOOD. I WAS THINKING ABOUT MONEY MATTERS WHEN MY SECRETARY LAURA AMES ENTERED...



BY BOLLE STARR

A MR. SOLAX TO SEE YOU, LOOKS LIKE READY MONEY. MAYBE YOU CAN PAY ME LAST WEEK'S SALARY BEFORE I GET MY OLD AGE PENSION.

OK, LAURA, WE'LL GIVE HIM A ROYAL WELCOME.



MR. CUTTER, I NEED THE SERVICES OF A RELIABLE MAN. WILL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU ARE NO LONGER WITH THE POLICE FORCE?

SURE - CHIEF MC CASEY IS A COMPETENT MAN BUT HE AND I HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS. THE BLOW UP CAME IN THE HELEN MARTIN CASE, IT WAS THIS WAY...



...I WAS IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE ABOUT MIDNIGHT SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, WHEN THE PHONE RANG ...

A CAR WRECKED ON THE HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN?
--WHO?--
HELEN MARTIN?

--OF THE MONEY-MONEY MARTINS?

YEAH, SHE'S DEAD. COME ALONG, CUTTER.

SURE -- SOMEONE HAS TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU.

--WE WENT OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. IT WAS QUITE A WRECK...

HOW DOES IT LOOK, DOC?

YOU'LL NEED A SPECIAL CRANE TO GET THAT CAR OUT OF THERE.

SHE DIED AT ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK. NO SIGN OF LIQUOR.

YEAH, WELL, TAKE THE BODY TO THE MORGUE. SEARCH THE AREA, MEN. WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE PARENTS IN THE MORNING.

IT'S LATE AND I NEED MY SLEEP. COMING CUTTER?

NO, I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND AND LOOK THE WRECK OVER AGAIN BEFORE THE CRANE COMES!

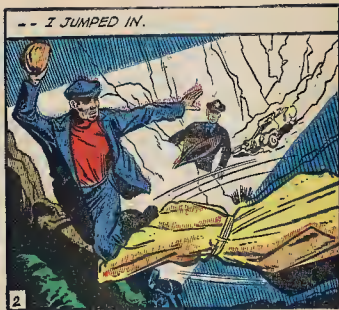
FUNNY HOW SHE COULDN'T MAKE AN EASY TURN LIKE THAT --

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.

HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THE CLIFF.

GET THE SPOTLIGHT ON HIM.

YOU HEAD HIM OFF FROM THAT SIDE STEVE. WE'LL CUT HIM OFF.



I NOTICED SOMETHING THAT HAD
ESCAPED US THE FIRST TIME ...

-- THE GEAR SHIFT IS
IN LOW. SHE COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN SPEEDING
WHEN SHE WENT THROUGH
THE FENCE.



1

...THE TRAMP WAS PROBABLY
AROUND HERE AND HEARD THE
CRASH. HE GOT TO THE WRECK,
FOUND THE JEWELS, AND WE
NABBED HIM BEFORE HE COULD
GET AWAY --



2

AS THEY WERE TAKING THE WRECKED
CAR AWAY I COMBED THE TERRAIN--

-- IF SHE WASN'T SPEEDING SHE
COULD HAVE EASILY MADE THE TURN.
SOMEONE ELSE MUST HAVE BEEN
IN THE CAR WITH HER, AND SENT IT
OVER THE CLIFF. WHAT'S THIS ??



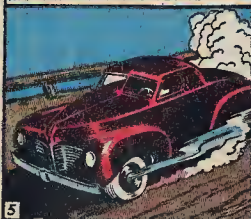
3

-- A SILVER CIGARETTE LIGHTER!
-- UNTARNISHED! IT CAN'T HAVE
BEEN LYING AROUND LONG--MUST
HAVE BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF
THE CAR.



4

I DECIDED TO RUN OUT TO THE
MARTIN HOUSE. IT WAS A SHORT DRIVE.



5

IT WAS LATE WHEN I GOT
THERE. I BROKE THE NEWS
OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S DEATH
WITH AS MUCH TACT AS
POSSIBLE ---



6

-- THEN I ASKED SOME QUESTIONS --

WHERE WAS YOUR
DAUGHTER GOING
TONIGHT?

...TO THE CASTLE
CLUB TO PAY SOME
GAMBLING DEBS. SHE
HAD TWENTY THOUSAND
IN CASH.



7

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
DID SHE USUALLY WEAR AS
MUCH JEWELRY?

WHEN SHE WENT
OUT IN THE EVENING,
YES.



8

DID YOU EVER SEE THIS
LIGHTER BEFORE? IS IT
HELEN'S?

NO. HELEN
DIDN'T SMOKE.

I MAY
HAVE SEEN
IT-- BUT
I DON'T
REMEMBER
WHERE.



9

4

THE NEXT MORNING...

THIS WAS A SIMPLE CASE! THE TRAMP GOT A LIFT FROM MARTIN GIRL, SAW ALL THE JEWELRY AND KILLED HER. THEN RAN THE CAR OVER THE CLIFF!

DID HE CONFESS CHIEF?



1

NO, BUT THE BOYS ARE WORKING ON HIM!

DID YOU FIND OUT WHAT HE DID WITH THE \$20,000 SHE HAD ON HER LAST NIGHT?



2

WHAT \$20,000?

I'VE ALREADY BEEN TO THE MARTIN HOUSE. -- THEY TOLD ME.



3

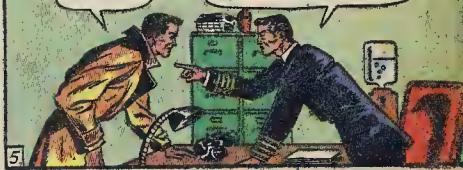
WHAT'S THE IDEA CUTTER... YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO OUT THERE WITHOUT MY ORDER!!!



4

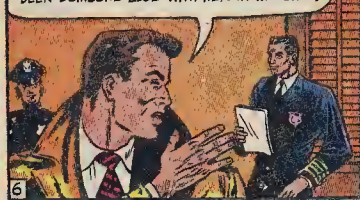
I LIKE TO WORK ON A CASE WHILE IT'S STILL HOT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL -- I WON'T LET YOU WORK ON ANY CASE FOR ME -- HOT OR COLD!



5

HANDLE IT YOURSELF THEN. HERE'S A CLUE YOU MISSED LAST NIGHT. THE CAR WAS IN LOW GEAR, SO SHE WASN'T SPEEDING -- THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE ELSE WITH HER IN THE CAR!



6

WELL THANKS, VIC! THAT PROVES MY THEORY THAT THE TRAMP WAS IN THE CAR WITH HER.

WRONG AGAIN -- WHOEVER WAS IN THE CAR WITH HER WAS A FRIEND, NOT A TRAMP. BUT FROM HERE ON IN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! I QUIT!!



7

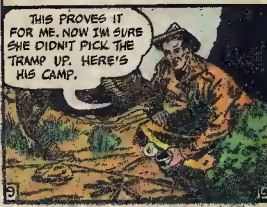
-- THE CHIEF WAS PRETTY BURNED UP... HE THOUGHT I KNEW MORE-- BUT HIS PRIDE WOULDN'T LET HIM ASK ME. I WENT BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...



8

... DID I SAY ACCIDENT -- I MEANT MURDER!

I COVERED A WIDE AREA AND FINALLY FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...



9

THIS PROVES IT FOR ME. NOW I'M SURE SHE DIDN'T PICK THE TRAMP UP. HERE'S HIS CAMP.

I KNEW THE OWNER OF THE CASTLE CLUB, DICE MALONE, PRETTY WELL. I CALLED HIM AT THE CASTLE CLUB, WHICH IS JUST OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS.

MR. MALONE? -- WHERE? IN HIS APARTMENT IN TOWN -- THAT'S FINE, I WON'T HAVE TO GO OUT OF THE CITY.



1

I WENT TO HIS APARTMENT. THEY ANNOUNCED ME AND I SCOOTED RIGHT UP.

HELLO DICE.

HELLO VIC. YOU'VE MET AUDREY AND GUY, HAVEN'T YOU?

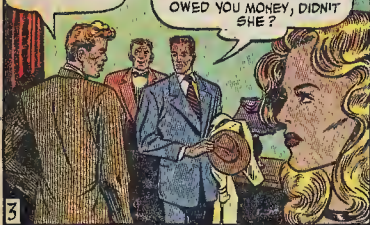
HI VIC!



2

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, VIC?

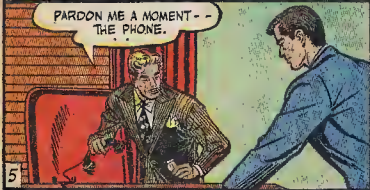
LET ME HAVE SOME DOPE ON HELEN MARTIN. SHE OWED YOU MONEY, DIDN'T SHE?



3

I LIT A CIGARETTE WITH THE SILVER LIGHTER AND PUT IT DOWN ON HIS DESK -- I WATCHED HIM -- HE PICKED IT UP!

PARDON ME A MOMENT -- THE PHONE.



5

PLENTY. I LIKED HER WELL ENOUGH TO LET IT RIDE FOR AWHILE, BUT 20 GRAND WAS TOO MUCH, SO I PRESSED HER FOR IT. SHE COULD GET IT FROM THE FAMILY -- BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW.

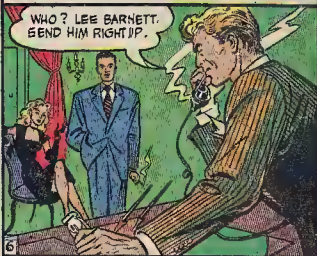
SHE INTENDED TO PAY YOU BACK WHEN SHE WAS KILLED!



4

-- HE LIT HIS CIGARETTE AND PUT THE LIGHTER DOWN --

WHO? LEE BARNETT. SEND HIM RIGHT UP.



6

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. THIS BARNETT GUY HAS OWNED ME A LOT OF MONEY FOR A LONG TIME. HE'S FINALLY PAYING UP.

WE'LL WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM.



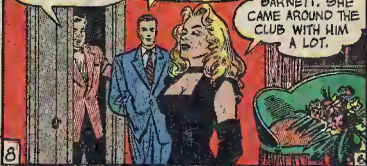
7

-- IN THE OTHER ROOM WITH AUDREY.

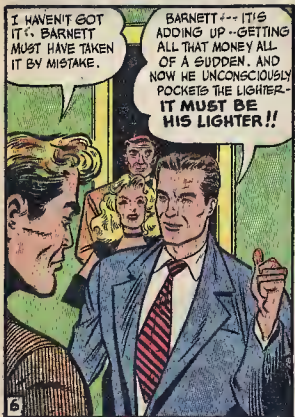
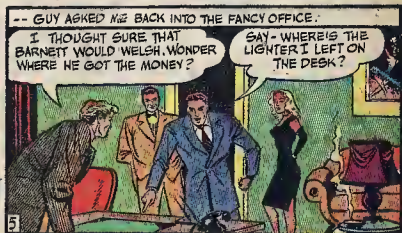
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

DID YOU KNOW HELEN MARTIN?

SURE -- SO DID THIS FELLOW BARNETT. SHE CAME AROUND THE CLUB WITH HIM A LOT.



8



1
SO YOU'RE USING
HELEN MARTIN'S
MONEY TO PAY
YOUR GAMBLING
DEBTS!

IS THIS A GAG?
THE PAPERS
SAID THEY
CAUGHT A TRAMP
WITH THE LOOT!

ONLY THE JEWELS. YOU COULDN'T
TAKE A CHANCE ON HOT STONES.
YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HELEN'S
AND KNEW SHE HAD THE
MONEY TO PAY OFF DICE AND
WERE WITH HER IN THE CAR
LAST NIGHT.

-- YOU KNOCKED HER OUT, TOOK
THE CASH AND RAN THE CAR OVER
THE CLIFF. BUT YOU WERE CARELESS
ENOUGH TO LEAVE BEHIND THE
LIGHTER YOU NOW HOLD IN YOUR
HAND!

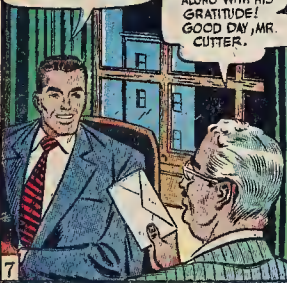


4
YOU HAVE NOTHING
ON ME, COPPER!



-- THE CHIEF OFFERED
TO TAKE ME BACK, BUT I
LIKE WORKING FOR MYSELF
BETTER - NOW WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU MR SOLAX?

I REPRESENT
MR. MARTIN. HE
HAS INSTRUCTED
ME TO GIVE YOU
THIS ENVELOPE,
ALONG WITH HIS
GRATITUDE!
GOOD DAY, MR.
CUTTER.



THE CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE SHOWED MR. MARTIN'S
APPRECIATION. HE WAS VERY APPRECIATIVE -- I CALLED
LAURA.

WE'RE IN THE CHIPS,
COOKIE. WRITE YOURSELF A
CHECK FOR LAST WEEK'S SALARY
AND A NEW DRESS.

WORKING CONDITIONS
ARE DEFINITELY
LOOKING UP!



FOLLOW
VIC FALLOW
INTO NEW DANGERS
AS HE CONTINUES HIS
INVESTIGATION
OF MURDER and
CRIME!

Minnie Soo

and

LITTLE HAHA

YOO HOO,
CHILDREN! RUSTLE
UP SOMETHING
FOR SUPPER!
HURRY!

COME, LITTLE HAHA, WE'LL
RACE TO THE LAKE! YOU
CAN CARRY HOME
THE BASS I CATCH!

Herm
Jani



GET GOIN',
BEE HIVE!

UP! UP!
PAINT BRUSH!

YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT
TO MUCH WITH A POKY
PONY LIKE YOURS'!



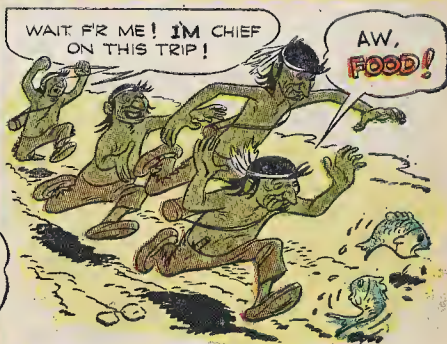
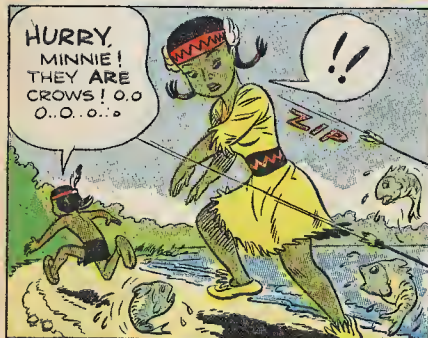
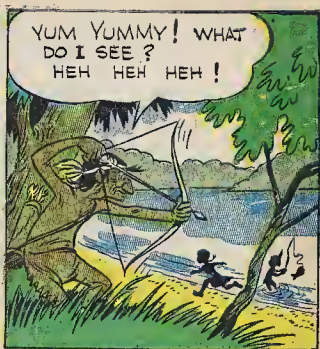


MEANWHILE, INTO THE SOO COUNTRY STALK FOUR ENEMY CROWS



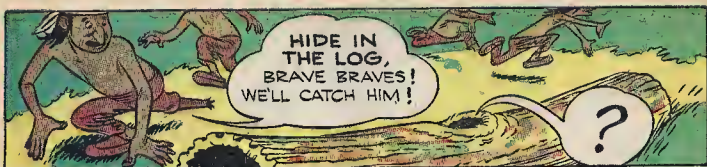
SO, THE FOUR CROWS ARE SEPARATED











MINNIE ESCAPES THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE LOG





KEEP THAT SKONK
AWAY FROM
US !



HERE COME PAINT BRUSH
AND BEE-HIVE !



WONT THE KIDS AT CAMP
ENVY 'US NOW. OH BOY !

LITTLE HAHA, ARE YOU
SURE NO ONE WILL
HURT THESE MEN ?
THEY'RE SO KIND TO
CARRY OUR BASS !



THERE THEY ARE,
M' BOY AN' GIRL!
CAUGHT THEMSELVES
FOUR DANGEROUS
ENEMIES !



MINNIE ! YOU SHOULD BE
ASHAMED ! YOU
INVITE COMPANY
AND CATCH ONLY
FOUR FISH ! FOR
THIS, YOU AND
LITTLE HAHA
WILL GO STRAIGHT
TO BED !



LEIF The LUCKY

BY
NOBLE
STEELE

ERIC WESTCOTT, CRIME REPORTER
AND HIS DOG LEIF THE LUCKY
FIND THAT EVEN SOCIETY
REPORTING HAS ITS
MOMENTS...

OH C'MON, ERIC,
BE A SPORT.

NO SOCIETY
GARDEN PARTIES
FOR ME,
DINAH!

SOME BEAT
YOU HAVE,
DINAH

A FINE CRIME
REPORTER I AM!
C'MON LEIF

A LITTLE
POLISH
WONT HURT
YOU.

MRS RICHWICH
DOES HERSELF
PROUD!



ISN'T MRS RICHWICH
THE ONE WHO OWNS
THE GREWSOM
DIAMOND?

YES. IT'S
SUPPOSED
TO BE
CURSED!



MEET PRINCE
YSERKI, THE GUEST
OF HONOR, MISS
FIELD, AND MR
WESTCOTT



DOWN LEIF!
REMEMBER YOUR
MANNERS.



CALL OFF
YOUR DOG
YOU FOOL!

YOURS
STARTED IT!



LEIF
BEHAVE YOUR-
SELF!

I'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS
WESTCOTT!



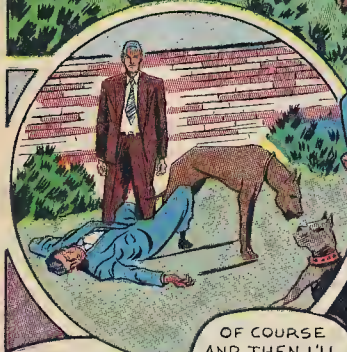




OH NO YOU
DONT PRINCEY!

AND NOW MAYBE
YOU'LL EXPLAIN WHAT
YOU ARE DOING SO
NEAR THE WALL
PRINCE!

I CAN
EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING.



OF COURSE
AND THEN I'LL
SUE YOU

OF COURSE
YOU'LL SUBMIT
TO A ROUTINE
SEARCHING?

HE DOESN'T
HAVE IT!

I TOLD YOU
I'D SUE
I HAVE NO
DIAMOND!



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I must be satisfied or I will return it within
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Name.....
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City..... Zone..... State.....

A Natural Help and Short Cut In

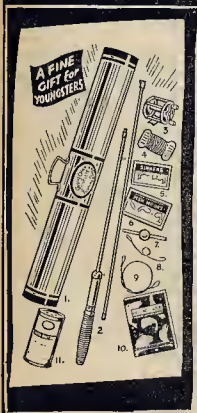
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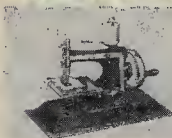
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Address.....
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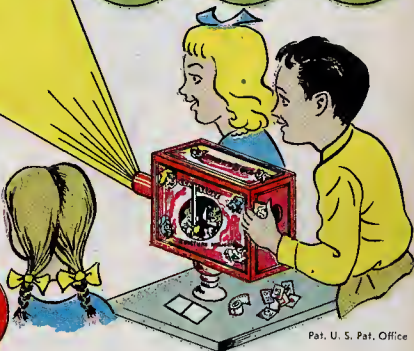
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